

Master *Headstrong* was much comforted by this discourse, and quickening his pace, soon came to the lofty building, where they were received by a train of young men and women, richly dressed, who invited them to partake of their pleasures, and conducted them into a spacious room, where there were a number of both sexes assembled, dancing, singing, and drinking the most agreeable liquors. At the upper end of the hall sat a lady richly habited, of a most excellent

shape

shape and complexion, as far as her skin was discovered; but she wore a veil over her face, as if from modesty, and which *Passion* judged to be the thin covering of excellent beauty. But in the midst of their mirth entered an elderly man, whom they all seemed industriously to avoid. However, he mingled with the crowd, and after frequently interrupting their sport, seemingly in a very ill-natured manner, went up to the lady who seemed to preside, and in spite of

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